Object Shipping Shorties

I'm Back!

Hello, my object show lovers! I'm back to making more object show content!

I'm just dropping by to tell you that I'll be rewriting the oneshots in my previous book. I'm just going back at my old work and finding the writing either cringy or just not to my liking (and my old cringy artwork hhhhh) I'll keep the old book up till I finish the new one, just if you want to go back and read my old cringy writing :')

Don't worry, this book will have the same storylines as the previous one; I just want it to be cleaner and not make the writing as confusing.

So enjoy!

Secret admirer? (Bickel)

♥~Art by me~♥

Nickel lounged lazily on the bleachers, his eyes fixed on the peculiar sight of Suitcase and Balloon engaged in an animated conversation. With an exasperated roll of his eyes, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of annoyance. However, amidst the irritation, a flicker of joy sparked within him as he spotted his dearest friend, Baseball, sauntering over to join him.

"Hey there, Nickel!" Baseball's voice rang out, brimming with infectious cheerfulness.

"Hey, what's with the cheerful look?" Nickel inquired, his curiosity piqued. He couldn't help but notice that Baseball seemed unusually ecstatic, which was both intriguing and slightly unsettling.

Baseball's eyes sparkled with excitement as he replied, "Oh, you won't believe it! Today is the day I'm finally going to pour my heart out to my crush!" His grin stretched from ear to ear, radiating pure joy and anticipation.

Wait... a *crush?!*

Nickel's heart skipped a beat as he heard the word 'crush' slip out of Baseball's mouth. Was it possible that his beloved had set his sights on someone else? The mere thought sent shivers down Nickel's spine, freezing him in shock with his mouth slightly agape.

But Nickel wasn't one to give up easily. With a forced smile, he tried to play it cool. "Oh, really? That's *'fantastic!'* Who is this crush and when are you going to tell him?" he urged, hoping to get some answers.

But Baseball wasn't about to spill the beans just yet. "I might tell him later on. Also, it's a secret~" he teased, winking mischievously before walking away, humming a tune.

Nickel couldn't help but feel a twinge of annoyance mixed with jealousy. "No one can be his boyfriend, but me!" he grumbled to himself, determined to stake his claim. With a determined look on his face, he stood up and stomped over to Baseball, ready to make his move.

♥~~~ ♥

Baseball paced back and forth, his heart racing like a wild pitch. He couldn't shake off the nerves that had been gripping him for what felt like an eternity. How could he possibly express his true feelings for his longtime friend? They had been through so much together, surely he would understand, right?

Lost in his thoughts, Baseball was completely oblivious to his surroundings. So much so, that he didn't even notice Nickel approaching until they collided with each other. Startled, Baseball jumped back, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Oh... hey, Nickel! What's up?" Baseball tried to sound nonchalant, but his voice betrayed his nervousness. He couldn't hide it from someone who knew him so well.

Nickel maintained a calm demeanor. He didn't want Baseball to suspect that something was amiss. With a casual tone, he asked, "Hey, just curious, what's your crush like?"Baseball froze for a moment, caught off guard by the question. But then, a mischievous smirk crept across his face. He couldn't resist teasing Nickel a little. "Well, since

you're so curious, let me tell you. He's short, armless, and always dripping with sarcasm!"

Nickel paused for a moment. **It seems that this guy shares my looks and attitude! Could it be- no, don't be ridiculous! You and Baseball are just friends, nothing romantic between us!!**

"Wow, that guy seems *'really'* interesting..." Nickel rolled his eyes.

"Yep! He sure is one of a kind!"

Baseball walked away, humming pleasantly, as Nickel looked on. Nickel remained there and watched him go till he had another thought.

"I don't enjoy spying on baseball... but I have to know who is this person and why Baseball hadn't told me!"

Nickel trailed Baseball, making sure to hide in bushes and behind trees along the way.

♥ ~~~ ♥

Balloon tossed the soccer ball to Suitcase, who bumped it back with her head. The activity continued between the two friends until Suitcase came to a halt and noticed Baseball approaching.

"Hey, Baseball! Care to join?" she motioned for him to come over. "The more the merrier!"

"Hm? Oh, no thanks!" he responded back, passing the two.

Balloon and Suitcase both shrugged and resumed their game.

Nickel peered out from behind the bushes and saw Baseball walking straight to Hotel OJ.

Wait... don't tell me he likes OJ! Nickel shook his head, skeptical that it was him. **No, it can't be true... they've never interacted, yeah! Unless... he's been seeing him behind my back!**

Nickel emerged from the bushes and then tiptoe over. Nickel looked

up at the hotel, puzzled as to how he was supposed to go in without being noticed by Baseball or OJ. He continued to survey the hotel until his gaze was drawn to an open window and ladder.

"Wow, how convenient," he mumbled to himself, running up to the ladder and slowly started climbing.

♥ ~~~ ♥

"Hey, OJ." Baseball approached the orange juice, who was standing outside of his hotel.

"Hello, Baseball!" OJ returned the greeting. "What can I get for you? Drinks? Snacks?"

Baseball promptly refused OJ's offer. "No, thanks; I'm here to ask for some *advice..."*

"Advice? Sure! What exactly is it?" OJ inquired, permitting Baseball to enter the hotel.

"Well... I like this person for a while now," Baseball sheepishly started. "I'm a bit too nervous to tell him how I feel, despite the fact that we've been friends for years! So, uh... that's why I came here for your advice."

"What makes you think I have good advice?" OJ crossed his arms, confused. "Surely there are other objects here you could've asked other than me. I'm no expert when it comes to love."

"Everyone knew you and Paper had been dating for quite some time. and you're the only one I know who's in a relationship. So I thought I'd come to you for dating advice..."

OJ hesitated and looked about, attempting to avoid making eye contact. "Wh-who said Paper and I were dating...?"

"You told Paper you loved him a long time ago." Baseball jogged his memory.

"Wait, who told you that?!" OJ urged Baseball.

"Uh... it was all over the internet. Fan said so in his vlog-"

"Fan..." OJ uttered his name. "I'll make sure to have a *chat* with him about this... Anyway, simply tell that person how you feel, and everything should go alright." OJ shrugged.

"It's really that simple?" Baseball had his doubts. "How did you first confess to paper-"

"Alright, alright, that's enough about Paper..." Baseball was gently pushed out the door by OJ. "And I promise that it'll work, trust me."

Baseball was deafeningly quiet for a moment before sighing. "Alright... I trust you."

OJ watched as Baseball walked out with a totally different attitude, he seemed more confident.

Nickel overheard the conversation from the stairs, he gasps then rushed out of the hotel, passing OJ.

OJ was baffled as to how Nickel got in without his knowledge. "I need to put up more security cameras," he grumbled.

♥ ~~~ ♥

"BASEBALL! BASEBALL!" Nickel shouted his name, attempting to regain his breath after finally catching up with his pal.

"Hm?" Baseball turned to face Nickel, waiting for him to gather his breath.

"Listen... before-" Baseball interrupted him.

"Wait, Nickel. I have something to tell you..."

"Let me go first since this is REALLY important!" Nickel ordered with a stomp of his foot.

Baseball rolled his eyes and waited for Nickel to go on.

"I know you're on your way to tell your *crush* you like him..." Nickel

began bitterly. "But first, I have something to say to you..." Nickel took a deep breath before starting. "We've been friends for a long time now, I trust you and you sorta trust me. and all I can say is that I... really *'like'* you!" Nickel grinned nervously.

Baseball's eyes were sorrowful. "So... you *don't* like me?"

"No, no, no! I didn't mean to phrase it that way!" Nickel spoke out immediately as he noticed Baseball was ready to turn away. "What I intended to say was... Baseball, I love you. Please don't tell your crush that you like-"

Nickel's eyes widened with surprise as he felt warm lips on his. As Baseball drew away, Nickel kept his mouth slightly agape with a puzzled look.

"I was going to tell you the same thing~ But you know how nervous I get when I talk about such things... But knowing you said you loved me makes me even happier!" Baseball blushed slightly and smiled cheerfully.

"Wait... so that short and armless person you were describing was... *m-me?"*

Baseball rolled his eyes out of amusement at Nickel's obliviousness. "Duh, who else? Apart from Suitcase, you're the only person I know who is short and armless. And let's not forget about that sarcasm!"

Nickel chuckled awkwardly. "Yeah... I should've guessed it was me..." **It was my first guess...** he thought to himself, a slight smile on his face.

Baseball and Nickel strolled inside the hotel, conversing as usual, but this time they appear happier.

"Is it okay if we don't tell Fan about this?" Baseball spoke to the coin in hushed tones, recalling the incident with OJ and Paper.

"Oh, defiantly not Fan!" Nickel shuddered at the mere mention of him. "You know how that weirdo likes to vlog people's personal lives..."

Baseball groaned. "Tell me about it..."

Little did Baseball and Nickel know, was that Fan was hiding in the bushes and recording them the entire time.

"I can't believe I captured the kissing part!" said the paper fan, clutching his camera in delight. "This is *PERFECTION!!*"

Cookies & Rain (Mephoj)

♥~Art by autisticmephone on Tumblr~♥

(A/N: This is actually inspired by a comic I found by the same person!)

OJ had finished preparing cookies; he isn't usually a fan of baking, especially when it comes to chocolate chip cookies, but he had them prepared specially for MePhone.

Everyone knows MePhone is a cookie enthusiast, and he absolutely loves his cookies, so this would be the perfect gift!

Now, where is he? OJ thought to himself as he opened the front door.

He knew how much of a hard worker MePhone is--okay, maybe he isn't exactly a *'hard worker'* ... but OJ was pretty sure he was still out hosting challenges somewhere so he's a rather busy man.

As he went outdoors, cold air blew onto him. He shuddered slightly at the breeze; he didn't want to seek for him in the cold, especially at night. But this was MePhone so he had no choice.

OJ groaned and stepped further out, shivering as the wind picked up. He didn't enjoy the cold, but he held firm and went out to search.

♥~~~♥

When OJ arrived at the show's bounds, he spotted the platform where MePhone and his assistants would go to announce votes and challenges. OJ took a step onto the stage, searching around for MePhone or his assistants, but they weren't there...

"That's odd..." OJ muttered to himself. Has the show ended and

MePhone didn't bother to tell him? "Must be taking a break or something..."

"Who are you talking to?"

OJ jumped at the abrupt voice and then swiftly turned behind him, sighing in relief as it was only MePad, MePhone's devoted and trustworthy assistant.

"MePad emerged from the stage's shadows, "Sorry to startle you, but I couldn't help but hear you whispering,"

"Oh, MePad! I'm so glad to see you! Have you seen MePhone recently?" OJ inquired, his eyes twinkling with hope.

But OJ was proven disappointed as MePad shook his head. "I apologize, Mr. Orange Juice, but I have not. He told me he was going for a short walk around the area"

Before OJ could say anything further, he was hit with a gentle sprinkle. Looking skyward, he spotted grumpy-looking clouds building before it began to rain lightly.

MePad immediately backed up behind the stage's open curtains, not wanting to get wet by the impending thunderstorm.

"Dammit... just my luck," OJ murmured, desperately attempting to keep the cookies dry. He was expecting rain, but he didn't know it would be so soon. He was terrified of it raining and damaging poor MePhone; he could die out there!

"It's going to storm, and I need to find MePhone." OJ quickly exclaimed as he exited the stage area before coming to a halt and turning around, "Please let me know if he returns!" He yelled out to MePad who nodded in understanding. With that, OJ ran into the forest.

♥~~~♥

The sound of mud squelching sounded as OJ dashed through the forest, still clutching the tray of cookies. "Oh, MePhone... where are y-" A flash of lightning interrupted him, forcing OJ to stagger back as

the rain poured down.

"Great... just my luck.." He groaned, staring down at the now-soggy cookies on the tray in his hands.

He was going to turn back and leave, assuming MePhone wasn't in the forest when he was stopped by a glitching voice that sounded nearby.

"That has to be MePhone!!" OJ exclaimed, dropping the tray of cookies as he hurried to the source of the sound.

As the rain began to fall furiously, OJ's vision became clouded. "Gahh! Where have you gone, MePhone?!" He yelled, squinting and inspecting every shrub and tree he encountered.

"O-o-over here..!!"

When OJ heard the glitching voice coming from the tree, he dashed over to see MePhone seated beneath it, attempting to keep dry by covering himself with the tree leaves. Though the tree was doing a poor job as the rain continued to pour onto the tree and soaked MePhone.

"Ø-ØJ!" MePhone glitched with delight after seeing him.

"MePhone! What are you doing here in this forest? And walking in the rain?!" OJ sounded really concerned for him.

"For one thing, I had no idea it was going to rain, and for another, I just wanted to go for a nice walk! Then it started raining, and this stupid tree did nothing to help!" MePhone punched the tree before wincing in pain.

"Oh, MePhone... I was so worried about you!" OJ hugged him, and some of his juice spilled onto MePhone, causing him to glitch even more.

"S-sorry!!" OJ took a step back.

"iIt's fine... I'm fine..!" MePhone malfunctioned.

"I'll find a method to fix you and get you out of this rain!" OJ lifted MePhone over his back, which he felt surprisingly light before running out of the woods.

♥~~~♥

OJ dashed back to the stage, frantically calling out to MePad. "MEPAD!! ARE YOU STILL THERE?!"

The rain started to roar and became heavier, drowning out OJ's words. OJ scanned the area until he heard faint music nearby. MePhone raised a shaky finger towards the stage.

OJ climbed up and crept behind the curtains to find MePad. OJ frantically told MePad what happened to MePhone. "He's damaged! Is there anything you can do??" OJ frantically spoke as he placed MePhone on the ground while MePad inspected him.

"He'll be alright; all he needs is a new battery. And a new screen..." MePad fixed his gaze on his shattered screen.

"So, where do you get the batteries? I can go to the store to-"

"No, he needs *special* batteries that are only available on *MeCloud."*

"NO!" MePhone abruptly yelled. "I'm NOT going back to that HELL again!!"

"You're not required to, sir. I'll simply teleport there and retrieve it for you." MePad then turned to OJ. "And please, Mr. Orange Juice, keep him safe while I'm away." with that, MePad teleported off.

♥~~~♥

As the two sat peacefully together, an uneasy hush enveloped the room. OJ twiddled his thumbs, expecting MePhone to say something-anything!

Finally, MePhone spoke. "W-why did you wanted to look for me anyway...?" MePhone grumbled in response to his glitching voice.

OJ stroked the back of his head. "Well... I did bake some cookies for

you, but I dropped them while trying to look for you..." he chuckled awkwardly.

MePhone gave a soft chuckle. "Is there a reason why you baked me cookies?"

"It was a thank you gift for everything you've done for me... you're a *decent* friend and wonderful company!"

MePhone was taken aback and just stared at him in silence. **OJ considers me a... f-friend...?** he wondered, then grimaced as his glitching worsened.

OJ held his hand, worriedly glancing at him. "Please hurry, MePad..."

After a few anxious minutes, MePad finally arrived with a new battery and screen. OJ stepped back and watched MePad work, removing his old screen and replacing it with the new one, as well as opening him up to change the battery.

A rebooting logo appeared on MePhone's screen. MePad and OJ waited patiently until the procedure was completed, revealing MePhone's face.

MePhone sat up, feeling a little woozy but otherwise okay.

"MePhone!!" OJ hugged him again, this time warier with his juice, "I'm so glad you're okay!!"

MePhone gave a small grin before turning to MePad and motioning for him to go. MePad nodded and teleported away, leaving them alone.

♥~~~♥

MePhone inhaled deeply. "Since we're alone... there's something I need to tell you."

OJ looked at him, ready for him to continue.

"I-I..." MePhone began slowly. "Uh... I- well... UGH!!" MePhone gripped his head in frustration, causing OJ to become worried once

again. "Why is it so difficult to tell you!!" MePhone grumbled at himself before taking another long breath to calm himself.

"OJ... You've. Uh... been a big help for me, in both giving comfort and just being nice company..." MePhone muttered quietly, rubbing the back of his head in nervousness. "I don't know what it is but...when I'm with you it's like, everything's going to be okay. I feel safe when I'm with you..." MePhone gently held OJ's hands. "So, yeah... I just wanted to say that I love you...!!"

OJ stared at him in surprise for a few seconds before kissing him.

MePhone gently closed his eyes and kissed back without hesitation. The kiss lasted about ten seconds before the two parted to breathe.

MePhone glanced at OJ for a moment before silently weeping, with OJ caressing his back to ensure he was okay.

"God, I haven't felt this happy in so long..." he brushed his tears away.

OJ grinned and looked out from behind the curtains when the rain stopped. "Say, how about we go back to my place and bake some more cookies? Ya up for that?" With a smile, OJ inquired.

"You know I can never say 'no' to cookies!"

Changed (Suitloon)

♥~Art by Paperbagedhead on Tumblr~♥

Balloon gazed at the water below him, throwing stones in, and watching them sink to the bottom. Balloon sighed, still depressed after being rejected by his teammates and everyone else.

Everyone, that is, except Suitcase, Balloon's first and only friend...

Suitcase wandered aimlessly until she came across Balloon, who was sitting on the dock, watching the lake and attempting to skip rocks. Suitcase lifted an eyebrow in inquiry as she approached and sat close to the red balloon.

♥~~~♥

"G'day, Balloon!" Suitcase chirped joyfully, attempting to lift his mood.

"Hey, Suitcase..." muttered Balloon, still staring at the lake beneath his dangling feet.

Suitcase cleared her throat, breaking the uneasy pause that had formed. "Soooo, Is there a reason you've been so down lately?"

Balloon exhaled a sigh. "You know all the others hate me... right?"

Suitcase was not pleased with the direction this was taking. "Y-yeah...?"

"It's difficult to make friends here!! Everyone still doesn't trust me because of what I did back in season one..." Balloon murmured. "I-I know I used to be a jerk, but I've changed! You weren't there for season one, so you wouldn't understand..." Balloon sobbed gently as

he held his knees.

Suitcase merely gazed at him, feeling sorry for Balloon. She gently patted his back. "Aww, Balloon... I know I wasn't here for season one, but even I can see you've changed! Even the jerkiest person here can change!" Suitcase was hinting about Knife and him helping her. "Don't feel like an outcast; everyone just needs to get used to you is all!"

Suitcase's pleasant comments elicited a faint grin from Balloon, but he couldn't shake the feeling. "I-I guess you're right, Suitcase... b-but the others still hate me! All I want is to be liked again..." Balloon squeezed his knees even more tightly towards him. "I suppose I have no friends in this stupid show!!" Balloon clutched his face and began sobbing.

Suitcase gazed longingly at Balloon; she hated seeing how miserable he looked...

♥~~~♥

Suitcase drew closer to Balloon and pecked him on the cheek, blushing slightly before hurriedly turning away.

Balloon gently pressed against his face, feeling the area where Suitcase had just kissed him. He flushed slightly before looking down at Suitcase.

"I don't find you bad at all, Balloon" she began. "You're one of my dearest friends here, and I'll never abandon you!" she offered him a kind grin.

Balloon grinned and drew closer to her face, sweating slightly from nervousness. Suitcase rolled her eyes and kissed him on the lips. Balloon melted into the lovely kiss, never wanting it to end.

He wished they could have gone on longer, but they both needed to breathe, so he carefully drew away. "I'm glad we're still friends..." he then blushed profusely before wildly flailing his arms. "O-OR ARE WE MORE THAN JUST FRIENDS?!"

Suitcase chuckled at Balloon's flustered state. "I suppose we're more

than just friends..." she grinned sheepishly.

You, I Don't Hate (Fubble)

♥~At by me~♥

.

♥~Fanny's Pov~♥

.

Flower, the self-proclaimed "great leader," stood tall on a massive rock, relishing in her favorite pastime: bossing people around and barking orders. She took great pleasure in reminding us of our failures and lecturing us on how to improve for the next challenge. But I quickly tuned out Flower's incessant chatter, my attention solely focused on the one person who truly mattered to me - Bubble.

In the background, Bubble was engrossed in scribbling something in her notebook. I should have mentioned that Flower had distributed these notebooks to capture what she deemed as "important details" for our preparation. However, I found the whole exercise utterly pointless and had no interest in wasting my precious time on it.

It came as no surprise to witness Bubble obediently following Flower's instructions. She had always been the doormat, blindly obeying anyone who crossed her path.

As Bubble's tongue slightly protruded from her mouth, her gaze fixated on the notebook, I couldn't help but give her a perplexed look. Did she really take all of Flower's nonsense so seriously? What on earth was she writing that held such importance?!

But, I must admit, as I watched her unwavering focus, she looked kind of...

Cute.

Hold on a second... did I just think she's... *CUTE?!*

I immediately shook my head, vehemently denying this newfound realization. I despised anything that hinted at emotions other than anger and resentment... I ***HATE*** happy feelings!

♥~Bubble's Pov~♥

.

As I sat there, absentmindedly scribbling away in the notebook Flower had given me, I overheard her muttering something about the next challenge. But honestly, I was too busy doodling to pay much attention. I knew I was risking getting in trouble if Flower caught me, but it seemed like half of my teammates were either ignoring the books or finding other ways to pass the time. Snowball was tearing up pages and making mini versions of himself, while Lightning was folding paper airplanes with his.

Ruby sat there, staring blankly at her book, clearly unsure of what to do. It was no surprise that Flower gave her a pass, believing she already grasped the important concepts. After all, everyone knew Flower had a soft spot for the little trinket. How cute!

Pencil and Match were completely engrossed in their phones, their thumbs dancing across the screens as they exchanged messages. Meanwhile, I couldn't help but feel a pair of eyes on me. Was it just my imagination playing tricks on me? I turned my gaze towards Fanny, only to find her looking away, as if she hadn't been staring at me at all. Strange.

Shrugging off the odd encounter, I returned to my book, a collection of sketches that captured the essence of Fanny and our unique connection. As I studied the doodles, a faint blush crept up my cheeks. It was undeniable that Fanny had a certain aloofness about her, often disinterested in the world around her. Yet, on that very first day we met, she was the only one who reached out, extending a hand, er... foot of friendship towards me.

At least... that's what I believed.

Fanny loathes everyone and everything, but I have a feeling she'll go to any length to protect me!

♥~Nobodies Pov~♥

.

"All right! Is that clear enough for everyone?" Flower spoke loud and proud, staring down at her teammates with a firm yet resolute attitude.

Everyone carelessly nodded except for Fanny and Bubble. Flower took note and focused her gaze on them. She snapped her fingers, forcing Fanny to look up with an irritated grimace.

"Less daydreaming, more paying attention!" Flower snapped.

Fanny only rolled her eyes. "Whatever." She replied blankly.

Flower's gaze went to Bubble, who was busy writing in her notebook. Flower smirked, pleased that her speech was being taken seriously. Snowball observed this and snatched the book from Bubble. Bubble sprang to her feet, swinging her arms in an attempt to get back her notebook.

"H-Hey! Give oit back!!" Bubble pleaded, but Snowball insisted on keeping the notebook out of her grasp.

"Don't make me ***POP*** you again!" Snowball threatened, forcing her to abandon her frantic attempt to rescue her precious notebook.

"It's all right, Bubble. I'm sure what you wrote down wasn't all that important." Flower consoled. "I'll simply go through it again—"

"EW!" Snowball suddenly exclaimed as he peered inside the book.

"What is it? Is there a bug?!" Flower asked, seeming alarmed.

Everyone turned their attention to Snowball, even Fanny seemed curious. Without warning to Bubble, Snowball presented the artwork to Iance. "Just dumb drawings of Fanny! Why draw *her* of all people?!" Snowball stuck his tongue out in disgust.

Fanny flashed him a look but didn't fight back as she was more interested in these drawings. Bubble merely gave an embarrassed and nervous smile as she shrugged at the question.

♥~Fanny's Pov~♥

.

I kept staring at the drawing Snowball showed me, my blades beginning to heat up a little. It largely consisted of drawings of me and Bubble doing things together. So *this* was what she was doing the entire time! I turned my focus to Bubble, noticing Bubble diverting her gaze away from me, which made me question if she was afraid I'd get upset.

I then scowled at Snowball before springing up and grabbing the notebook from him with my teeth, hurling it back to Bubble while using my blades to propel the book even further back to her. She clumsily caught the book and gave me a thankful smile.

Flower tapped her foot impatiently on the rock, clearly annoyed. "Are you done playing catch so I can proceed with my strategy?" She stamped her foot instinctively on the rock, wincing slightly as it pricked her.

Her pain made me grin a little.

I boldly hopped onto the boulder while shoving Flower aside, forcing her to clumsily slide off the rock. "Ignore little Miss. ***Bossypants*** and listen to what I have to say!" I shouted. I heard Flower give a "Hmmph!" in annoyance as she crossed her arms with a salty glare toward me.

Everyone's attention was drawn to me. I even managed to grab Pencil's and Match's attention, surprisingly. "Normally, I don't like talking about my feelings... but I've been feeling these types of feelings for someone for a long time," I sighed. With a slight gleam in my eyes, I turned to face Bubble. Bubble returned the look with a sweet smile and bright eyes as if she knew.

I let out a sigh. I normally wouldn't do this... but for Bubble's sake, I

had no choice.

I descended from the rock and approached her. Bubble lowered her gaze at me expectingly. "Bubble... I know we've known each other for a while. You were my first friend ever since I joined this stupid show. And, while I hate everyone here... it's *you* I don't hate..." I painfully confessed. My voice was barely audible as I practically confessed it in front of my whole team.

They must think I'm weak, huh?

♥~Nobody's Pov~♥

.

Fanny was met with silence. Not even Snowball gave a snide remark about the speech. Actually, Fanny kinda wished Snowball would say something. At least she can tolerate it. But the awkward silence? No.

Fanny averted her sight from Bubble, quickly knowing that this was a terrible idea. "You know what... forget what I—" Fanny got cut off as a pair of lips smacked onto hers.

Bubble was kissing her!

Fanny felt her blades heating up again, careful not to spin them, but it was difficult for her to think straight when being kissed by her crush.

The rest of Iance stood there stunned.

Pencil and Match immediately took out their phones and started recording the entire scene. *"OMG!* Is this, like, for real happening?!" Pencil gasped.

"They're, like, finally *KISSING!!"* Match squealed in excitement.

Fanny pulled away from the kiss to look at them once she heard that. "Wait... You guys knew?!"

"Well, duh." Pencil rolled her eyes. "Bubble has been blabbering on and on to us about how she wanted to kiss you."

Fanny sighed. It was just like Bubble to express her feelings to Pencil and Match. And, of course, Pencil and Match would tell the entire team, as well as maybe the other teams. But she wasn't as angry as she imagined. Bubble was now her girlfriend, and that was all that mattered.

"I loive you... Fanny..~" Bubble softly spoke, gazing at Fanny with kind, loving eyes.

Despite her best efforts, Fanny couldn't help but smile. It was difficult not to frown at that adorable face of hers. "I love you too... Bubble..~" Fanny replied softly.

"Pffsh... so they're kissing. Big deal!" Snowball crossed his arms. "I would rather listen to Flower's boring speech..."

"I agree!" Flower returned to the boulder. "Can we PLEASE focus on my ~*flawless*~ leadership skills and strategy?!"

Except for Bubble and Ruby, everyone groaned as they turned to face Flower. But Fanny only gave a disdainful look and stuck her tongue out. "I've got more *important* things to do than waste my time listening to your dumb strategy." Fanny flashed Flower a look before walking away.

Flower's hands turned into fists as she watched her leave. She called out to her, demanding she stay and listen. But, as you know, Fanny only follows her *own* rules. While Bubble might have stayed behind and obeyed every order Flower gave her, she opted to accompany Fanny. Which made Fanny happy deep down.

"Do you want to get oice croim at gelatoin's stoikhouse..?" Bubble shyly offered, disregarding Flower's ranting in the back.

"Sure, I can eat," Fanny answered simply, blushing a little as the two walked together.

Friend? (Grassy x Rocky)

♥~Art by sheepkinta on Twitter~♥

Grassy took a yellow crayon and began scribbling in the coloring book Basketball had provided him to keep him occupied. Grassy enjoyed the coloring book that Basketball had gotten him, but he couldn't help but feel lonely since she wasn't here to see him...

He had no one to play with, and whenever he asked his teammates to join him, they normally said, *"I'm busy"* or *"Get lost."*

Grassy wishes he had a friend who would always play with him or simply just be with him. Of course, he considers Basketball a friend, she was like a mother to him.

But he wished for a friend who was like him, always up for games and coloring.

Grassy put on a determined face and rose up; his mission was to find a friend! He decided to go try and ask the other contestants who weren't in ABNTT.

♥~~~♥

Grassy continued wandering till he stumbled upon Snowball and Lightning. With a wide childlike grin, he hurried over to them.

Snowball shot a frown as Grassy ran up to him, while Lightning gazed in confusion.

"What do you want, pipsqueak?" Snowball muttered angrily, his gaze narrowed at the patch of grass.

"Grassy wants to be friends!" Grassy remarked happily, not at all intimidated by the snowball.

"Sorry pipsqueak, but you're too small and weak for me. I'm only friends with the TOUGHEST people in TPOT!! Now get going before I punch you!" Snowball raised his fists. Grassy gasped in fear then scurried off. Snowball laughed while Lightning slowly shook his head.

♥~~~♥

Grassy made his way over to team Death P.A.C.T.

Maybe he'll find a friend there..?

When Grassy peered forward, he noticed a black hovering circle. Grassy approached the bizarre thing with curiosity.

Perhaps Blackhole would be friends with Grassy. Given that he is polite to everyone he encounters. Grassy was ready to take another step closer to Blackhole when he heard Pen's voice.

"Hey, Black-"

"PEN DON'T-!" Blackhole was too late to warn him as Pen accidentally came *too* close to the void.

"AAAAAHHH!!!" Pen screamed as he was instantly pulled into the abyss.

"I tried to warn you..." Blackhole sighed, horrified that he had unintentionally murdered yet another participant.

Grassy saw the whole thing and slowly backed away, not wanting the same thing to happen to him.

♥~~~♥

Grassy sat at the picnic table, his face solemn. He tried every team but couldn't make a single friend... Grassy lifted his head, noticing everyone's joyful laughing and grins as they hung together with their ideal friend.

Marker playing rock, paper, scissors with Foldy, Pencil and Match gossiping, and Tennisball and Golfball working on yet another crazy invention.

Grassy couldn't help but feel jealous that everyone has got a friend. Even Snowball has a friend, AND HE'S THE WORST CONTESTANT HERE!

Grassy plopped his head onto the table's counter, refusing to look up any longer.

A mysterious someone sauntered over to the patch of grass and sat at the picnic table next to him. Grassy felt a minor weight added to the bench, but he didn't dare look up; he didn't want to feel jealous or unhappy anymore.

The short object nudged Grassy's arm. Grassy raised his head warily to see the object.

"Gleh!" Rocky greeted him.

"I'm Grassy... do you wanna be friends?"

Rocky leaped with joy. Little did Grassy know, that Rocky was also searching for a friend. Grassy suddenly hugged Rocky, a broad smile on both of their lips. "Grassy's first friend!"

"Mhm!" Rocky smiled.

Grassy set Rocky down and took out his coloring books and crayons; he was going to color with someone other than Basketball for the first time! Rocky gleefully and hungrily ate the crayons as Grassy scribbled on his page.

Basketball hummed as she approached, pausing when she observed Grassy coloring with Rocky. "Aww! Did you find a new friend, Grassy?"

Grassy cheerfully nodded. "Grassy likes his new friend!"

"It seems Rocky likes you as well!" Basketball laughed as she noticed Rocky snuggling close to Grassy.

"Gleh!"

Grassy giggled before hugging Rocky. "Grassy will forever protect his new friend!"

Start Over? (TestMic)

A/N: [Not exactly a ship chapter, but I wanted to write a little chapter on how Mic would apologize to TT and become friends.]

~~~

Microphone was still fully awake as she lay in her bed, gazing up at the ceiling. She struggled to fall asleep. Not with all these thoughts racing in her mind about... *Taco.*

She should've known Taco was just using her... how can she be so blind..? This was most likely why Taco and Pickle had stopped talking. Taco had moved on to different prey, she wants to do the same thing to Microphone, abandon her once she claims that cash prize. Due to their bonding, sharing of secrets, and Taco's assistance in helping Microphone win the majority of challenges, she has always felt that there was something more between the two of them.

She believed she had a genuine *friend.* But turns out-

...She was wrong.

Microphone wanted to cut Taco out of her life for the better, she even eliminated herself so she would no longer be a pawn to Taco.

So Microphone was now lying on the hotel bed, musing on events that felt like they happened yesterday.

She was all alone at the hotel now. She shared a room with Test Tube, but the two hadn't spoken since that incident... so now Microphone had no one to talk to...
~~~

Unless she wants to make amends with Test Tube.

Which was going to be difficult...

Microphone turned her head to Test Tube, seeing the scientist "sleeping" in her bed, back turned to Microphone. She sighed and rose from her bed, stepping up to the vial. She's got to fix this.

"Hey, Psst... Test Tube?" Microphone murmured to her, gently shaking her. Hoping she wasn't fully asleep.

"..."

Microphone sighed, knowing that this was most likely a bad time. She was ready to re-enter her bed when she heard a voice.

"What do *you* want?" Test Tube slightly hissed, back still turned to Microphone.

"Listen... about what happened a week ago... I really didn't mean to hurt you! I even warned Taco not to do anything drastic, but I guess she had... *other intentions."*

"That still doesn't justify why she was there in the first place!" Test Tube sat up from her bed to glare at Microphone. A look Microphone has never seen Test Tube make before... "I would never imagine you out of ALL the contestants here to be CHEATING! Knife, maybe, but YOU?! Not only that, but Taco could have seriously injured Fan back there while you sat back and WATCHED!!" Test Tube snapped.

Microphone could see the fury and hatred in the scientist's eyes. She was really upset... who could blame her? She had every right to be.

Microphone rubbed her arm sheepishly, eyes downcast. "I

understand... and I apologize for what Taco did! Taco can be... a bit difficult to understand at times. You're not the only one who has suffered this, you know..." Microphone went on somewhat inaudibly, capturing the scientist's attention as she listened in.

"All this time, I thought I'd finally made a friend...! Taco was a friend who was close to me... But soon... I realized she was merely using me!" Microphone was on the verge of tears, her fists trembling as she remembered Taco and how their moments together were all part of her plan. Taco doesn't care about her after all. "And... I genuinely apologize for what happened and hope that we can at least start over? We don't have to be friends..."

Test Tube was silent, she did feel bad about what happened to Microphone. Microphone didn't have anyone to talk to, therefore she constantly followed Taco for guidance, and the two were always at each other's sides... from a distance. Test Tube let out a small sigh then climbed off her bed, approaching Microphone.

Microphone rubbed her teary eyes as she gazed down at Test Tube. Test Tube looked up and then offered a small smile. "I wouldn't mind being your friend. I could tell you've already suffered enough with Taco... So, absolutely! We can start over."

Microphone grinned then lifted Test Tube into a hug. Test Tube could hear Microphone softly sobbing, she patted her back to assure her everything was alright now.

Microphone set Test Tube down, wiping away her tears. "S-sorry... I just needed to let it all out..."

Test Tube nodded. "I completely understand." Test Tube grinned and slid back into her bed for the night.

Microphone did the same and then called Test Tube again, eliciting a "Hm?" from the scientist. "Hey... in the morning do you maybe... wanna hang out? I never had actual friends to do the things I wanted to do..." Microphone said meekly, stroking her arm.

"Sure-" Test Tube responded accidentally too quickly. Before starting again, the vial cleared her throat. "What I meant is... certainly!"

Microphone grinned before laying back on her bed. She can finally have a good night's sleep now that she and Test Tube were on good terms. But she can't get her mind off Taco...

What was Taco doing right now?

[Meanwhile]

~~~

Taco sat by the dock, watching the moonlight reflect off the lake, giving it a sparkling appearance. She couldn't take her thoughts away from Microphone and her words *"gaining a friend."*

Taco sighed and reached for a rock nearby, tossing it into the water and seeing it skip twice before disappearing into the chilly, dark depths. She already felt bad about how she treated the poor mic... she and Pickle were her only two friends and she knew she hurt them both.

She was aware that she had caused the greatest pain to Microphone; the two had been inseparable until the end... She wasn't going to blame Microphone for not trusting her or even forgiving her. Taco is prepared to apologize to Microphone.

Even if Microphone doesn't want to hear another word from her...

"I wish I could start over..." Taco said gently, tears flowing down her face as she stared at the water below her. Taco couldn't recall the last time she had cried or been this emotionally invested in someone... She felt guilty about what she had done to Mic and regretted every second of it.
~~~

"What have I done..? They were my only friends, the only ones who genuinely cared about me and I just threw them away like rubbish..." Taco grabbed a rock and tossed it into the lake, creating a small splash. She knew she couldn't blame Microphone for being so upset with her... she wouldn't be shocked if Microphone stopped interacting with her entirely.

"Perhaps it wouldn't hurt to... talk about it..?" Taco told herself. She rose off the dock and went away from the river, intending to locate Microphone and make things right.

In The Moment (Knife x Fan)

Bzzzt

"Is—Is this thing on?—" Fan's camera was glitching on the screen as he attempted to set it up. Once it was on and stopped glitching, he took a few spaces back, comfortably sitting on his bed.

"Heya everyone! It's your favorite fan here! It's already 12:30 p.m., and I've been at this hotel for WEEKS! Okay... maybe not weeks. It's more like a couple of days, but it sure felt like weeks! The hotel isn't terrible, but I miss seeing Test Tube and, to be frank, I'm growing bored over here without her. The other hotel residents wouldn't allow me to record them for my blog, so that's why I'm doing this solo..."

"I really miss Test Tube... she was my first and best friend. We're both pretty dorky and are social outcasts. We were practically made for each other! I couldn't ask for a greater friend! A few days passed after that and... we got into a fight. It was our first fight, and we'd never argued like that before... I wish I could go back and apologize to her, or at the very least see her again. It's a shame I've been eliminated..."

"At the very least, I still have some companionship here, and I suppose I consider him a friend. It's Trophy! He and I don't really see eye-to-eye; we each enjoy doing our own thing so as not to disturb the other. But we do have one thing in common. Photography! We would have this type of bonding time whether we were bored or just wanted each other's company. Trophy may never admit it, but I have a hunch he likes me. Like... like-like, y'know what I mean? I suppose I feel the same way."

"I know he's a jock and I'm the nerd and we will never in a million years get together. At least, that's what I learned from high school movies, Haha... Yeah... I do love him in that way, but I can't help but worry what if I fall for someone else? Would Trophy still like me? Golly... I hope he doesn't get jealous if this special someone comes into my life..."

♥~~~♥

Fan has concluded his recording for the blog, sighing in satisfaction as it was a lot of talking for one fan. He hopped out of bed and walked over to the tripod. He picked it up and set it in the corner of his room before proceeding to the door.

He intended to take some time away from his blog and hang out with Trophy; If the jock wasn't too busy. Fan opened his room door and closed it, walking down the corridor. There were plenty of rooms for each contestant, but OJ forced some of them to share a room to avoid overcrowding the hotel. Fan entered Trophy's room so many times he knows where his room is by heart.

He stood in front of the room door, gently tapping on it. On the opposite end, he could hear groans of annoyance; he was certain it was Trophy. Trophy had a roommate who was, unfortunately, Tissues. So Fan wouldn't be surprised if Trophy hadn't slept at all due to Tissues snoring and sneezing fits.

The doorknob jiggled as Trophy managed to drag himself out of bed. As he opened it, he was greeted by Fan.

"Oh, uh... hey, Trophy! Slept well?" Fan inquired awkwardly. Bags were visible under Trophy's eyes, so the answer was obvious.

"Yeah... slept like a log..." Trophy grumbled.

"Really? Because it appears you haven't slept at all..."

Trophy pinched the area between his eyes. "Well, duh, that was sarcasm... I had a TERRIBLE sleep! Tissues was sneezing and fucking SNORING! I'd rather have *you* than that lame excuse of a roommate!" Trophy's eye twitched as he continued ranting about how bad a roommate Tissues was.

Fan blushed a little at the, *"I'd rather have you as a roommate"* part. Did the award truly mean that? If only OJ would allow them to swap roommates. "Well... we can hang out if you want!" Fan pulled out his phone. "We can go to the park and photograph all kinds of wildlife! Animals, flowers and—"

"I don't know if you hadn't noticed or ignored what I just said but I need my *sleep!* A park sounds like fun, but I can't go anywhere looking like a drunk idiot because of *that."* He motioned his thumb back to Tissues, who was surprisingly sound asleep in his bed despite Trophy's scathing words.

Fan saddened a little before brightening up. "Oh! If you want, you can sleep in my bed!" he offered.

Trophy crossed his arms as he considered the offer, scrunching his eyebrows a little before sighing. "I guess I don't have much of a choice... At least you're somewhat *tolerable."*

Fan beamed. Trophy was going to sleep in his room! **All right, Fan... calm down.** "Would you like me to show you where my room is?"

"Nah, I know the way already, thanks." He grumbled as he walked out of his room, closing the door behind him.

Fan opted to go hang out with the other eliminated contestants so that Trophy could get some rest. He dashed downstairs into the living room. He strode up to the couch, intending to watch TV, when he noticed Pickle and Knife already there; playing video games.

Wait, what is Knife doing here? Was he eliminated? "Ahem!"

Ignored.

"AHEM!!"

"Hold up." Knife uttered to Pickle as he paused the game. When he peered down near the couch, he noticed the Chinese fan tapping his foot with folded arms. "What'd you want?" Knife inquired, his tone laced with annoyance.

"What are you doing here? Only eliminated contestants are allowed to stay here! Unless... you *are* eliminated." Fan explained, his eyes narrowing suspiciously at the blade.

"Relax, he hadn't caught me yet. This is something I've been doing for months." Knife reassured with an eye roll.

"I really don't want anyone else being disqualified in the same way Marshmallow was! It's not fair!" Fan pointed out.

"Pfft, *life* isn't fair. And why do you care? You're eliminated, plus, I'm a jerk, remember?"

"Even *jerks* need to be cautious!"

Pickle got up from the couch, no longer interested in hearing the two bicker about this silly show. "I'mma go make a sandwich... Ya' want one, *sharp guy?"*

Knife playfully rolled his eyes. "Sure."

Fan climbed onto the couch next to Knife after Pickle had left the room. "Oh, uh... can I sit here?"

"Sure I guess..." Knife shrugged, resting his elbow on the arm of the couch.

♥~~~♥

Fan fiddled with his hands, wanting to do something. They've been sitting here in silence for the past twenty minutes. Knife felt awkward as well. Pickle still hasn't come back yet and he was wondering if Pickle was even making the sandwiches at all.

"Soo uh... curious question. What kind of knife are you? Butter?"

Knife flashed a shocked and disgusted look. "I'm offended that you would even THINK I'm a *butter knife!"*

Fan instinctively showed his hands, fearful that Knife would punch him for asking such a stupid question. "S-Sorry!!"

Knife relaxed a little then sighed. "Pocket knife."

Fan appeared confused. "But... aren't pocket knives supposed to flip in and out?"

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't realize you were a knife specialist!" Knife growled, his arms crossed.

"I-I'm sorry!! I just saw a few knives on the internet and you looked nothing like one..." Fan muttered.

Knife rolled his eyes in frustration. "Yeah, here's a tip: don't always rely on the internet! You'll just get your facts wrong and come out as a joke."

Fan rubbed the back of his head. "That's something TT would always tell me..." His eyes began to tear slightly.

Knife took notice right away. "Hey... ya' all right?"

"Y-Yeah..." Fan sniffled and shook his head slowly. "I just... really miss her, y'know?"

"Yeah, you two were pretty close... I've always wondered if you two were ever a thing?" Knife questioned with a shrug.

Fan blushed a little. "A th-thing?? Oh, no, no, no!!!" Fan exclaimed, waving his hands. "I-I mean... I wouldn't mind if we were a *thing*. I wish we were..." He uttered quietly. "What about you?"

Knife raised a brow. "Hm?"

"Are you and Pickle together?" Fan couldn't help but wonder. Knife acting so friendly to another person was rare, and he wondered whether Pickle was Knife's motivation for regular visits to the hotel.

Knife for once didn't know what to say; his metal slightly heated. "Um... That's a topic for another time..." He responded clumsily. He reached for the gaming controller on the table. "Wanna play a round?" He offered quickly, not wanting Fan to ask any more questions involving Pickle.

Fan flinched. "I-I shouldn't! Aren't you and Pickle trying to finish the level?! I don't want to mess it up for anyone..." Fan inquired, his gaze flitting frantically to the paused screen.

"He already told me he beat the game. I doubt he'll care. But, if you rather sit here and be bored—"

"N-No! I'll play!" Fan immediately said. If he has to sit here for

another minute, he'll rip himself!

Knife smirked and tossed the extra controller to Fan, who caught it awkwardly. "Hope you're good at your combat skills, 'cause this game is gonna get a lot harder." Knife cautioned.

"Ha! I play video games in my sleep!" Fan stated confidently. He was lying; he had no knowledge of video games! The only games he ever plays were mobile games on his phone! Fan studied the screen, it appeared to be a fighting game; Battle Quest was it?

This was the only game Fan knew about. Only playing a few practice rounds with Soap when she wasn't too busy cleaning the hotel.

Knife crackled his knuckles, gripping his controller with a smug look. "Ready?"

Fan wore a confident look as he stared intently at the screen. "I was made ready!"

♥~~~♥

Pickle finally arrived after an hour. He entered the living room with a plate of sandwiches. Pickle's eyes widened in surprise as he noticed the two playing video games. He chuckled to himself quietly in amusement; Knife never plays with anyone other than, well, Pickle.

Pickle quietly re-entered the kitchen before popping out, acting like he had just arrived. "I brought sandwiches!" He displayed the plate of BLT's.

"About time! What took ya' so long?" Knife demanded, his attention still fixed on the screen and visible sweat on his brow. This level must be really intense if it was taking all of Knife's energy.

Fan was doing okay-ish. He wasn't exactly a gamer, yet he battled the boss valiantly with the aid of Knife.

"Yeah, about that... OJ hid the ingredients somewhere and I had to check *every* cabinet!" He lied. The real reason was that he felt lazy and exhausted after playing far too many video games with Knife. So he slipped upstairs for a little snooze, only to be jolted awake an hour

later at the realization that he needed to make sandwiches. But he wasn't going to tell them that.

Pickle approached the coffee table and placed the dish of sandwiches on it. He made a ton. Pickle grabbed himself a sandwich and stood by the couch as he watched the two play.

After almost an hour, Fan and Knife finally won.

Knife pulled Fan into a hug out of excitement. "FINALLY!!! I COULD NEVER GET PAST THAT DAMN LEVEL!"

Fan blinked out of surprise before returning the hug. Hugging knife was a new feeling. Like, the feeling he gets when hugging Trophy.

Pickle smirked as he stood near the couch. "You two sure are friendly with each other~" Pickle smugly commented.

Knife blinked open his eyes, having forgotten Pickle was still around. He pulled away from Fan immediately, clearing his throat. "Erm... we won!" He stated more casually.

"Y-Yeah!" Fan responded with a smile. "Uh... can we play again?" Fan requested awkwardly. Knife was a lot of fun to play with. He hopes they could do more moments like these, like with Trophy.

"I don't see why not," Knife agreed and took the controller once more. "Are ya' ready for challenger mode?" Knife questioned.

"Of course I'm ready!" Fan put on a determined look. "Bring it on!"

♥~~~♥

The two had been playing for hours and it was getting dark real quick. Pickle yawned tiredly, "Welp... I'mma go hit the sack. You two have fun, night Knife." He added as he walked up the steps.

"Night, Pickle." He responded, his gaze fixed on the screen.

They eventually defeated the boss, and the two discreetly celebrated before closing the game.

Fan was at a loss for what to do when the awkward stillness returned. "So... what now?" Fan inquired, twiddling his thumbs.

Knife shrugged. "Whatever ya' want. I got nothing better to do."

"But shouldn't you be returning to the show? It's almost midnight." Fan reminded him.

"Augh right..." He groaned, sounding a little disappointed. Even though he hates to admit it, he enjoys hanging out with Fan. He may be a dweeb at times, but he has good intentions and was a surprisingly good player. If he wasn't so concerned with his blog and the egg, he might be capable of becoming a gamer.

"Welp, cya later I guess." Knife sprang off the couch and stretched his aching arms before taking his leave to the front door. Fan raced forward to grasp his hand before he could open it.

"Don't worry. I'll come back tomorrow." Knife stated, quietly chuckling to himself at how clinging Fan was. Like a puppy who was sad its owner was leaving, only to come back a few minutes later.

"Wait! I uh... want to give you something..." Fan sheepishly said his head lowered a little.

"Hm? What is—" Knife stood startled when Fan lowered him down for a kiss. Knife's lips were remarkably soft for a metal head, yet they still tasted metallic. Knife's face gradually warmed up; he had never expected Fan to make the first move.

Knife still hadn't kissed back, seeming too stunned to do anything. Fan hastily pulled away, covering his face in a look of shame. "S-Sorry!! I-I didn't know what had gotten into me! *You're so stupid, Fan..!!"* He mumbled the last bit to himself.

He knew he should've told Knife what he was planning... he hadn't even gotten his consent! Yet he hadn't backed down from the kiss either.

Fan slowly moved his hands away from his face, glancing awkwardly at Knife. "I'm sorry about that... I guess I was in the moment and I just thought about Test Tube and—!!" Fan was cut off abruptly as

Knife returned the kiss.

"Hey guys, have you seen Pap—er?" OJ came to a halt on the stairs when he noticed the two kissing. They were so preoccupied with the kiss that they failed to hear the manager.

OJ quickly spun on his heels and went back the way he came. "Nevermind..."

Knife gently drew away, bringing the kiss to an end. When he saw how stunned Fan looked, he laughed to himself. "Cya later, dork~" Knife ruffled the paper fan's head before opening the front door.

Fan paused for a heartbeat before waving goodbye. "Later, uh... Jerky!"

"Needs work, but not bad." Knife chuckled as he exited the hotel, shutting the door behind him.

Fan remained where he was; staring after Knife through the window until he was no longer within eyesight. Fan placed a hand over his chest(?), feeling his heart intensify. Did that really just happen? He had never felt this way around anyone before.

He and Test Tube were close, but never close enough to ever kiss one another. He'd definitely kissed Trophy before, and Knife's kiss reminded him of him.

Is it possible to fall in love with two people? Or maybe even three??

"Finally had a good sleep for once!" He was cut short from his musing when he heard Trophy's voice. "So, what have you been up to lately, squirt?"

"Oh uh... N-Nothing really. Just playing video games!" Trophy was better off not knowing about knife. Trophy already hates his guts; imagine what he'd do if he discovered Fan and Knife had kissed!

Gossip spreads around like wildfire in the hotel, so he'll probably find out eventually. Fan only hopes it isn't too soon...

"Care to play one right now?" Trophy, who was seated on the sofa,

asked. "I couldn't remember the last time I had a good sleep. Really buffed up my energy. I feel like ***crushing*** some people!" He waved the controller, attempting to entice Fan.

Fan truly wanted to play with him, but after the long day with Knife and that kiss, all he wanted to do was sleep. "Thanks for the offer, but It's been a long day... I was going to get to bed."

Trophy's smile began to fade. Was he disappointed? "Whatever." He said before Fan could determine what he was feeling. "Night, dweeb." He added before Fan got halfway up the stairs.

"Night, uh... jock?" He awkwardly shrugged.

Trophy shook his head slowly in disapproval. Fan *really* needs work on his *'name-calling'*.

Truce (MePad x Toilet)

The area was dead silent as MePad sat alone on the stage. MePad had allowed the remaining contestants to go do their own thing as no challenges had been notified by MePhone. Sure, MePad could have hosted a challenge on his own, but he thought it wasn't his place and wasn't sure whether it was appropriate to do so without the host's knowledge.

MePad let out a contented sigh as he gradually closed his eyes. He had no idea it could be so peaceful here without the participants squabbling and MePhone barking commands. And it seemed a lot more serene without Toilet scream—

"'ELLO MEPAD!!"

MePad jerked slightly at the unexpected voice, then opened his eyes in surprise to find Toilet right up to his screen. "Oh! Greetings, Toilet." MePad welcomed the other with professionalism. "I'm assuming you're looking for MePhone4? Apologize but the host isn't around here, at least not that I'm aware of." MePad informed Toilet, knowing full well that he would ask about MePhone. MePad was a little stunned Toilet even bothered to welcome him in the first place, considering he and Toilet weren't on the best of terms.

MePad would like to think they were, but Toilet can be stubborn and greedy when it comes to sharing MePhone4's appreciation.

But what Toilet said next took the tablet by surprise. "Oh! Uh... I'm not lookin' faw Mistah Phone, I jus' came by to see YOU!" Toilet corrected with delight in his voice.

MePad blinked. "Oh, really?" Toilet normally wants nothing to do with MePad after finding out how much the host appreciated MePad's company over Toilet's. So seeing Toilet become welcoming was a pleasant surprise.

Toilet nodded, a smile growing over his lid. "Yes, really!!"

"Well, what do you wish to talk about, Toilet? Do you require any guidance?" MePad calmly spoke. Maybe he can gain Toilet's trust this way and demonstrate that they don't have to be rivals all the time.

MePad observed as Toilet sheepishly avoided his gaze, prompting MePad to raise a concerned brow. Just as MePad was about to ask what was wrong, Toilet levitated away. MePad let out a quiet sigh, looking a little disappointed. Maybe he and Toilet weren't meant to be allies. Toilet clearly doesn't have an interest in making amends.

MePad rose up, planning to go find MePhone to clear his thoughts, when Toilet reappeared, carrying multicolored cards on top of his tank. "I wan'ed to give these to you!" Toilet said as he drifted closer to MePad, allowing him to view the cards. They were shaped like hearts.

MePad carefully took the cards from Toilet's tank and began opening them, reading the lovely words and observing the doodles of him and Toilet together. If MePad had a mouth, he would be smiling right now.

MePad displayed a happy emoji on his screen to convey his emotions. "They're wonderful, Toilet. I'm astonished you had time to make these."

"Oh, MePad, I've been workin' on them faw a long time!" Toilet stated before shyly averting his look from the other, his cheeks slightly pink. "I-I don' wan' to be enemies anymore. So... I-I made these two say sawry!" Toilet confessed, his obnoxious tone softening somewhat during his brief explanation.

MePad softened his look at Toilet. "Aw, Toilet. I'm pleased to hear we're no longer *"enemies".* As I already stated, I consider us equals, and I'm sure MePhone4 appreciates both our assistance and support."

Toilet's smile faded as soon as he heard the mentioned host, his eyes lowering to the ground. "Not meh... I'm beginnin' to think Mistah Phone doesn't enjoy my 'elp... He says I'm infuriatin'! That's not true, is it..?!" Toilet whimpered, tears welling up in his eyes as he began to

cry.

MePad flinched a little, unsure what to do as he awkwardly watched Toilet cry. While it is true MePhone doesn't enjoy Toilet's company, the same cannot be said for MePad. MePad took Toilet by surprise as he gently brushed away his sad tears. Toilet sniffled and looked up at MePad with a slightly startled look. MePad's shockwave curved slightly as if to imitate a smile. "I don't find you unpleasant, Toilet. I suppose MePhone4 just has to get used to your... *"special"* way of helping." MePad comforted Toilet by wrapping one leg over him in an effort to hug him. "I apologize if you felt I was getting more attention from MePhone... I didn't wish to make you envious of me."

Toilet stood silent before leaning into the hug, nuzzling up to MePad's screen while being mindful his water didn't splash on him. "Thank you, Mepad... and.. I'm sorry for being so jealous of you..."

"It's okay, Toilet." MePad comforted before withdrawing from the hug. "If you wish... I can notify MePhone that you chose the challenge for the participants while he was away. You may take full credit." MePad said to which Toilet let out a slight gasp.

Toilet's eyes twinkled slightly. "R-Really? Are you sure?"

MePad gave a nod. "Of course. It's the least I could—oh!" He was cut off by Toilet who dove in for another embrace.

"Thank you, MePad!" Toilet sobbed with happy tears.

MePad felt his screen heat up slightly as a result of the close contact, but he disregarded it as he hugged back. "Anytime, Toilet."

.

.

.

A/N: Sorry it's a short chapter!! My brain is stumped to come up with a scenario with these two... If ya' have a better plot then feel free to lemme know and I might make a part 2 :p

Party Anxiety (Paper x OJ)

All of the contestants were invited to a big hotel party! Everyone was having a good time: snacking, conversing with old and new friends, playing games, and dancing. It was everything that OJ could have wanted in a party!

OJ hosted the party so that everyone could unwind and forget about the show and the difficult times. OJ walked into the kitchen to grab a soda. He let out a slight gasp of surprise when he discovered Paper there alone.

"Oh, Paper! You startled me!" OJ said as he gently punched his friend's arm.

Paper stroked his arm nervously. "Yeah... sorry OJ." He responded softly, forcing out a chuckle. OJ walked behind Paper to get to the fridge. He opened it and grabbed a can of Dr. Fizz before closing it.

"Why aren't you out with the others partying? You're missing out." OJ mentioned while opening the can and downing half of it.

Paper fiddled with his hands uneasily. OJ ought to have known by now that Paper was not a sociable or confident person. Paper is nervous about attending a party, even in the safety of the hotel. "I'm not sure... I guess I'm not used to having so many people around. Hehe..."

"Aww, c'mon. Brave up a little! I'm sure the new contestants will go easy on you. All they want is to have a good time!" OJ reacted, attempting to urge Paper to have fun.

"Do you think they'll like me..?" Paper resumed his fiddling with his hands.

"Sure they'll like you! Now, how about I stick by your side and make

sure everything goes smoothly?" OJ suggested, much to Paper's delight.

"O-Okay!" Paper began to perk up a little. In a way, he'll feel more at ease having OJ around. They've been friends since the beginning of the show.

♥~~~♥

Paper stood in the midst of the living room, his worried gaze darting around the room. He made an effort not to draw too much attention to himself. As he felt a touch on his shoulder, Paper flinched. He shifted his attention to find OJ; a reassuring grin spreading across his glass face.

"Don't be afraid. I'm right here if you need me."

Paper smiled. OJ was the only person Paper trusted. It's not that he doesn't trust the others; some of them do appear nice, like the suitcase he noticed a while ago talking to Balloon. But he feels more at ease and comfortable around OJ.

"Oh, let's try them first." OJ suddenly spoke. He gently took Paper's hand in his and led him to the two objects. Paper reluctantly followed.

OJ began with the older contestants; there was no harm in taking things slowly and allowing Paper to feel at ease with familiar faces.

OJ stood back and allowed Paper to make the first move. Paper gulped a little but managed to put on a brave front. He carefully approached and tapped the silver coins back.

Nickel swiftly turned around; his face flashed in irritation. "What is it? Can't you see I'm busy?" He stated sharply.

"Never mind Nickel, Paper. What do you want?" Baseball asked more gently, glaring down at Nickel, as if silently urging him not to be so disrespectful. Nickel rolled his eyes.

"Oh, uh... I-I was wondering if I could hang out with you guys..?" Paper gave a nervous smile.

"Oh, sure, we can definitely hang out! Maybe we can have a sleepover or a tea party later!! Wouldn't that be great, bestie??" Nickel forced a smile.

"R-Really?!" Paper exclaimed, his eyes twinkling with joy. A tea party sounded like a lot of fun!

"What the h—NO! Can't ya' tell I was being sarcastic?!"

"As usual..." Baseball let out a sigh. Nickel flashed him a sharp glare.

"So that's a... no?" Paper saddened.

Nickel heavily sighed. "Listen, pal. I don't go around demanding hangouts and trusting the first person I see. Baseball here is my right-hand— well... leg man! I can always rely on him! And we don't just invite anyone into our group!"

"But you can still hang out with us if you like!" Baseball offered, ignoring Nickel's protests.

"Nah... we're okay. Though, we appreciate the offer." OJ spoke out, gently taking Paper's hand in his and leading him somewhere else. Nickel breathed a mild sigh of relief.

♥~~~♥

OJ glimpses at Paper, seeing his friend look so down. Finding friends for Paper was going to be more difficult than he had anticipated. Paper was fortunate to have only one friend. OJ paused for a moment before coming to a halt, prompting Paper to stop next to him. Paper looked at OJ in confusion, wondering what was up.

"Hey, how about we just spend the night together? I can tell you're not comfortable talking to other people. So, let's just cut this whole *'looking-for-a-friend'* thing and just hang out. Just the two of us!" OJ suggested with a smile. He wanted Paper to have a good time, but not at the expense of pushing him to talk to random people.

Paper suddenly hugged OJ. "I-I would love that!"

♥~~~♥

The music blared throughout the hotel as Paper sat at a table, drawing while OJ chatted to the new contestants, seeking to get to know them better. Paper didn't feel completely alone since Box was sitting at the table with him, *"watching"* him draw.

"At least you're here with me, Box..." He sighed as he shifted his focus to OJ, observing as the citrus juice interacted with the other contenders with ease. Paper wished he had his confidence. "Do you have any friends?" He returned his focus back to Box.

"..."

"This is hopeless! I'm talking to a regular box! Guess I really am going insane..." Paper pressed his face on the table, groaning in frustration.

OJ turned his attention to Paper, noticing his friend looking upset. "I'll be right back." He told the Cherries before rushing up to Paper.

♥~~~♥

OJ carefully shook the loose-leaf. He reluctantly lifted his head, his saddened eyes fixed on OJ. *'Has he been crying?'* "What's wrong, Paper?" OJ inquired earnestly.

"Nothing important..." He murmured.

"Please tell me... I know you've been crying." OJ gently replied.

Paper sniffled. "H-How did you know..?"

"Well... your lines are smudgy." OJ pointed out.

Paper brought his hand to his face and realized he was wet. The curse of being a paper. His eyes shifted to the table as he explained. "I...I do want to have a good time, OJ. Really, I do. But... it's just so hard to talk to people and make friends. I want to be confident and social like you, but... I just... can't!!" He cried.

OJ suddenly hugged Paper, catching the other off guard. "I'm sorry, Paper..."

Paper blinked a little in confusion. "Wha..?"

"Sorry for forcing you to talk to others and make friends. I understand how nervous you get when socializing; it's not easy for everyone. You're free to make friends at your own pace. I was only scared you wouldn't have as much fun at the party if you stood in a corner all night with no one to talk to..." OJ stated, breaking away from the hug as his eyes drifted away from Paper. "Being the hotel manager isn't easy.." He continued softly. "I have to make certain that everyone else is doing well and receiving all they require. I'm sorry I didn't come to your aid when I said I would. I'm sorry..." OJ concluded quietly.

"Oh, OJ.... you didn't have to apologize! I did appreciate some of the help you were offering me. I just... wish I could be more like you."

OJ chuckled at that. "I suppose we could both help each other out. I promise to be a better friend."

Paper hugged him. "You're already a great friend! You help me before others and check in whenever I'm upset... and for that, I... love you OJ." Paper reddened slightly as he confessed.

OJ stepped back from the hug. Paper flinched, wondering if OJ was upset. OJ placed his hands gently on Paper's shoulders. Before Paper could question him, he was met with lips pressed against his.

Paper's whole face immediately turned pink. If he had a heart, it would be pounding right now.

A few people came to a halt to see what was going on. Fan quickly grabbed his phone, eyes twinkling in glee. Before he could record, Paintbrush took the phone away from him, shaking their head disapprovingly.

After the kiss, Paper quickly covered his face, blushing profusely behind his hands. "O-OJ!!" He scolded him quietly. Yet he was secretly crazy about the kiss.

OJ smirked before turning to the crowd. "All right, nothing to see here. Continue your party." He shooed the others away.

"Sheesh... if you're gonna kiss at least get a room." Nickel sneered. Baseball stepped on the coin's foot, earning a yelp from him.

"We'll just leave you two alone." Baseball stated this while gently scooping up Nickel in his teeth and carrying him off.

"Hey! Put me down!"

Everyone soon left, murmuring to one another and throwing looks toward OJ and Paper. Everyone seems to be convinced there will be a wedding.

"Omg. Is there for real going to be a wedding?!" Pepper whispered to Salt.

"Totally. Bummer it isn't me marrying OJ..." Salt sighed before casting a cold stare at Paper. "Tch.. what does *loose-leaf* have that I don't?!"

OJ rolled his eyes as he overheard her. "Let's go somewhere that isn't too crowded." He told Paper, dragging him away as Paper was still frozen in shock.

♥~~~♥

The party went on the night, and Paper found himself having fun with OJ. They ate pizza and played board games together. Paper gradually eased his way into group activities as long as OJ was there.

This was without a doubt one of the best parties OJ has planned, and Paper was glad to be a part of it.

.

.

.

A/N: I always HC Paper has social anxiety and has trouble talking to people who aren't OJ or are close friends with him. ***(Kinda like how I act lol)***

I admire how a confident leader like OJ can assist a hesitant individual like Paper become confident. Because I suffer from social anxiety, my classmates would frequently urge me to speak. ***(I had to do a presentation before and I was this close to***

walking out of the classroom) **So I made this oneshot to remind folks that it's okay to be quiet and that everyone speaks at their own pace. Talking is not easy for everyone.**